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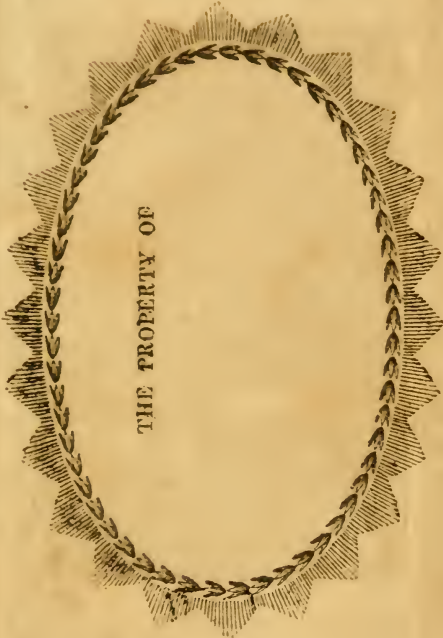




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Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion.....*David.*



Take a Psalm—and sing unto the Lord, with the harp*David*

Let the nations be glad, and sing for joy.....*David.*

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THE
Young Christian's Companion,

BEING A

Selection of Hymns,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO

Private Devotion and Conference Meetings.



BY GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS,

Pastor of the Baptist Church in South Reading, Ms.



"O sing unto the Lord a new song—He hath
put a new song in my mouth."David.

Second Edition.

Boston :

LINCOLN & EDMANDS, 59 WASHINGTON STREET.
1827.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit :

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1826, and in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims, as Author, in the words following, to wit :

"The Young Christian's Companion, being a Selection of Hymns particularly adapted to private Devotion and Conference Meetings. By Gustavus F. Davis, Pastor of the Baptist Church in South Reading, (Ms.) "O sing unto the Lord a new song—He hath put a new song in my mouth."—*David.*"

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JOHN W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE rapid sale of the Young Christian's Companion, in the metropolis and other places visited with revivals of religion, induces the Compiler to issue this Second Edition, which has received some corrections and additions. It is devoutly hoped, that the "*children of Zion,*" who are commanded to be joyful in their King, will derive some assistance in the expression of their joy from this little compilation.

South Reading, March, 1827.

DAVIS'S

Selection of Hymns.

I.—*Conviction and Conversion.*

HYMN 1. L. M.

The Hiding Place.

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign Love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place!
- 2 Against the God that built the sky,
I fought, with hands uplifted high ;
Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrap in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place!
- 4 But lo! th' eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love! arrest the man!
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive Justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But Justice cry'd, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place!

- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd ;
He led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.
- 7 Should seven-fold streams of vengeance roll,
And shake this globe from pole to pole ;
No thunder bolts shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding Place.



HYMN 2. L. M.

*The practical Use of the Moral Law to an awakened
Sinner.*

- 1 HERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands,
Of breaking all thy ten commands ;
And on me justly might'st thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.
- 2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms ;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see ;
Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress ;
Yet in thy gospel plan I see
'There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord,
How Christ hath to thy law restor'd
Those honours on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

- 5 Amazing wisdom, power and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase
To love and trust thy plan of grace.



HYMN 3. P. M.

The awakened Sinner.

- 1 WAK'D by the gospel's powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Expos'd to endless wo ;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
'The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.
- 2 Surpris'd indeed, I could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
To which I then drew near!
I strove, alas! but all in vain :
'The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 I to the law then ran for help,
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found ;
While sin my burden'd soul did pain,
'The sinner must be born again,
Did loud as thunder sound.
- 4 God's justice then I did behold,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
It was a dreadful load ;
This solemn truth did still remain,
'The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.
- 5 I heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live ;
But him I could not see :

- I read my Bible—it was plain,
 'The sinner must be born again,
 Or dwell in misery.
- 6 But as my soul, with dying breath,
 Lay gasping near eternal death,
 Christ Jesus I did see ;
 Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd—
 I trust I then was born again,
 In gospel liberty.
- 7 Not angels in the world above,
 Nor saints could glow with greater love,
 Than what my soul enjoy'd ;
 My soul did mount on eagles' wings,
 And glory, glory, I did sing
 To Jesus, my dear Lord.
- 8 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
 How Jesus sav'd my soul from hell,
 To sing redeeming love :
 Ascribe the glory to the Lamb—
 'The sinner now is born again,
 To dwell with Christ above.



HYMN 4. L. M.

Hardness of Heart.

- 1 OH, for a glance of heav'nly day
 To take the stubborn stone away ;
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,
 'This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake ;
 'The sea can roar, the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling, all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt ;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 But Pow'r Divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that Pow'r I need ;—
Come, Holy Spirit, and refine,
And move, and melt this heart of mine.



HYMN 5. C. M.

Hard Heart of mine.

- 1 HARD heart of mine—O that the Lord
Would this hard heart subdue !
O come, thou blest, life-giving word,
And form my soul anew.
- 2 I hear the heavenly pilgrims tell
Their sins are all forgiven,
And while on earth their bodies dwell,
Their souls enjoy a heaven.
- 3 While I, poor wretch, in darkness stand
With guilt a heavy load ;
And every breath expos'd to land
Beyond the grace of God.
- 4 The Christians sing redeeming love,
And talk of joys divine,
And soon they say, in realms above,
In glory they shall shine.
- 5 But ah ! 'tis all an unknown tongue ;
I never knew that love ;
I cannot sing that heavenly song,
Nor tell of joys above :

- 6 Fain would I know the Saviour's mine,
And taste his bleeding love ;
With all the heavenly pilgrims join,
While I the desert rove.



HYMN 6. L. M.

The stony Heart.

- 1 LORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return ;
'Thy tender mercies O impart,
And take away this stony heart !
- 2 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,
Which scorns thy love and slights thy word ;
Which tempts me from thee to depart ;
Lord, take away this stony heart !
- 3 'Tis this hard heart, whose bold reply
Gives all thy sacred truth the lie,
And would thy promises pervert ;
Lord, take away this stony heart !
- 4 'Tis this hard heart I feel within,
Which slights thy grace, and cleaves to sin ;
Sure 'tis of hell the counterpart ;
Lord, take away this stony heart !
- 5 'Tis this hard heart, which day by day
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray,
Yea, would from every duty start ;
Lord, take away this stony heart !
- 6 'Tis this hard heart, whose cursed snare,
Tempts me to pride, or to despair ;
O, in me, Lord, thy pow'r exert,
And take away this stony heart.

HYMN 7. 7's.

The converted Thief.

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace has power alone
To subdue an heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucify'd,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One with vile blasphemous tongue
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With a Saviour in their view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case ;
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 Lord, he pray'd, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be ;
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in paradise.
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need ;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief !
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

HYMN 8. 7 & 6's.

The Entreaty.

- 1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think;
 Before you farther go—
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?
 Hell beneath is gaping wide!
 Vengeance waits the dread command,
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damn'd.

*O be entreated now to stop ;
 For, unless you warning take,
 E'er you are aware you'll drop
 Into the burning lake.*

- 2 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar ;
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair :
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of bloody crimson die,
 Back for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply ?
O be entreated, &c.

- 3 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
 Fear you not his iron rod,
 With which he breaks his foes ?
 Can you stand in that great day,
 When he judgment shall proclaim ?
 When the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame ?
O be entreated, &c.

- 4 Though your hearts are hard as steel,
 Your foreheads like to brass ;

God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass :
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Though they now despise his grace,)
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."
O be entreated, &c.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
 That you may mercy know ;
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow :
 It was for sinners Jesus died,
 'Sinners he invites to come ;
 None who come shall be deny'd ;
 He says there yet is room.
O be entreated now to stop, &c.



HYMN 9. L. M.

Good Way.

- 1 INQUIRING souls, who long to find
 Pardon of sin, and peace of mind ;
 Attend the voice of God to-day,
 Who bids you seek the good old way.
- 2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood
 Of Jesus, is the way to God ;
 O may you then no longer stray,
 But walk in Christ, the good old way.
- 3 The prophets, and th' apostles too,
 Pursu'd this way, while here below ;
 Then let not fear your souls dismay,
 But come to Christ, the good old way.

- 4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere ;
Nor doubt to meet another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.



HYMN 10. S. M.

The Gospel Pool.

- 1 BESIDE the Gospel Pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year, my helpless soul,
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And many round me, stepping in,
'Their efficacy prove!
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O, would the Lord appear,
My maladies to heal!
He knows how long I've waited here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer try ?
Surely the mercies I have sought,
Are not for such as I.
- 6 But whither shall I go ?
There is no other pool.
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.

- 7 As Christ is full of grace,
 He never will permit
 The soul that fain would see his face
 To perish at his feet.



HYMN 11. P. M.

The Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 THROUGHOUT our Saviour's life we trace
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
 No period else was seen,
 Till he the spotless victim fell,
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature's sin.
- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
 My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
 For this I him adore ;
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
 Blood-drops did force their passage out,
 Through ev'ry opening pore.
- 3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
 His back with lashes all was tore,
 Till one the bones might see!
 Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with blood and tears,
 Press'd by the heavy tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
 Round him they mock'd and made their game ;
 At length his cross they rear ;
 And can you see the Son of God
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
 Without one thankful tear ?
- 5 Thus bearing our iniquity,
 He dies with anguish on the tree ;
 What tongue his grief can tell ?

The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
 The morning sun refus'd to shine,
 When the Redeemer fell.

- 6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs divine,
 He drank the gall to give us wine,
 To quench our parching thirst :
 Seraphs, advance your voices higher,
 Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
 To praise your precious Christ.



HYMN 12. 8, 7, & 4's.

Finished Redemption.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
 Sound aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 “It is finish'd!”

Hear the dying Saviour cry!

- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finish'd!

Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!
 Finish'd all that God had promis'd ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.

It is finish'd!

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth and all in heaven,

Join to praise Emmanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!



HYMN 13. 8, 7, & 4's.

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing: Doubt no more!
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the *fitness* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden:
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!

Hear him cry, before he dies,
 "It is *Finish'd!*"

Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended !

Plead the merit of his blood :

Venture on him, venture wholly,

Let no other trust intrude :

None but Jesus

Can do helpless sinners good.



HYMN 14. L. M.

Weary Souls encouraged.

1 COME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
 Come, and accept the promis'd rest,
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load ;
 O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
 How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
 The hope thy gracious words impart ;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
 And sweetly influence every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 15. C. M.

And yet there is Room.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.



HYMN 16. H. M.

The Same.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay ;
No vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring souls, draw near ;
 Christ calls you from above ;
 His charming accents hear—
 Let whosoever will, now come ;
 In mercy's arms there still is room.



HYMN 17. C. M.

The Saviour's Invitation.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
 Attend the heav'nly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow,
 And life, and health, and bliss impart
 To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice ;
 The gracious call obey ;
 Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
 And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts
 And drink, and never die.



HYMN 18. L. M.

Come and see.

- 1 JESUS, dear name, how sweet the sound !
 Replete with balm for every wound !
 His word declares his grace is free ;
 Come, needy sinner, come and see.

- 2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die :
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree ;
Come, careless sinner, come and see.
- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part ;
Yet his dear love still burns to thee ;
Come, anxious sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean ;
His blood at once avail'd for me ;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.



HYMN 19. 12's.

The Voice of free Grace.

- 1 The voice of free grace, cries, escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a fountain,
For sin, and transgression, and every pollution ;
The blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
*Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bless'd us with pardon,
And we'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.*
- 2 This fountain so clear, in which all may find pardon,
From Jesus's side flows a plenteous redemption ;
Though your sins were as great and high as a mountain,
The blood it flows freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 O, Jesus, ride on ! thy kingdom is glorious ;
Over sin, death and hell thou wilt make us victorious ;
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hand, we will praise evermore ;
We'll range the blest fields, on the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 20. C. M.

Looking at the Cross.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear ;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood ;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I'll die, that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue ;
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 21. P. M.

The new Convert.

- 1 O how happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I soon found in the blood of the Lamb;
When at first I believ'd,
What true joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 (On the wings of his love,
I was carry'd above
All my sin, temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justify'd I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;

My glad soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the world was quite under my feet.)

- 7 O! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possest,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.



HYMN 22. C. P. M.

The true Convert.

- 1 WHEN with my mind devoutly press'd,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
 Would past offences trace;
 Trembling, I make the black review,
 Yet, pleas'd, behold, admiring too,
 The power of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree:
 Who would believe such lips could praise,
 Or think from dark and winding ways,
 I e'er should turn to thee?
- 3 These eyes that once abus'd the light,
 Now lift to thee their wat'ry sight,
 And weep a silent flood;
 These hands are rais'd in ceaseless pray'r;
 Oh, wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood.
- 4 These ears, that once could entertain
 The midnight oath, the festive strain.
 Around the sinful board,

Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest their joys,
And long to hear thy word.

- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in every part ;
Go on, bless'd Lord, to cleanse my heart,
That drossy thing refine ;
That grace may nature's powers control,
And a new creature, body, soul,
Be all and wholly thine.



HYMN 23. C. M.

Old Things have passed away.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?

- 6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will ;
 For if thou hadst not lov'd me first
 I had refus'd thee still.



HYMN 24. L. M.

The new Convert humbled.

- 1 THE new born child of gospel grace,
 Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
 Beneath Immanuel's shining face,
 Lifts up his blooming branch on high.
- 2 No fear he feels, he sees no foes ;
 No conflict yet his faith employs ;
 Nor has he learnt to whom he owes
 The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
- 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
 And comforts sink from day to day :
 What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
 Proves but a brook that glides away.
- 4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
 The Lord soon made his numbers less ;
 And said—lest Israel vainly boast—
 " My arm procur'd me this success."
- 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
 And draw our ebbing comforts low,
 That, sav'd by grace, but not our own,
 We may not claim the praise we owe.



HYMN 25. L. M.

The Same.

- 1 LIKE Israel, safe upon the shore,
 Who thought the conflict all was o'er,
 Young converts view the frightful train
 Of all their foes forever slain ;

- 2 But soon, with sick'ning heart, survey
The perils of the desert way ;
The power of sin revives again,
And all their hopes seem false and vain.
- 3 The morning sun that shone so bright
Is shrouded in the gloom of night ;
Hopeless the victor's crown to win,
They yield ere they the fight begin.
- 4 But Jesus calls them to the field :
“ Come, gird on harness, sword and shield ;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
My grace shall strength and vict'ry bring.”



HYMN 26. C. M.

The anxious Convert.

- 1 ANXIOUS, I strove to find the way,
Which to salvation led ;
I listen'd long, I try'd to pray,
And heard what many said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong ;
For I was stupid, dead and cold,
Had neither joys nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light ;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
And thought that all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd
Of anguish and dismay ;
Through what distresses they had walk'd
Before they found the way.

- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
 For I had liv'd at ease ;
 I wish'd for all my fears again,
 To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish—the Lord disclos'd
 'The evils of my heart,
 And left my naked soul expos'd
 To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Alas! I cry'd in deep despair,
 (Borne down with fearful pain,)
 How can I these fierce terrors bear ?
 And who will now sustain ?
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid ;
 And when he set me free,
 "Trust simply on my word," he said;
 "And leave the rest to me."



HYMN 27. L. M.

Whereas I was blind, now I see.

- 1 Now let my soul with wonder trace
 The Saviour's miracles of grace ;
 Now let my lips and life record
 The loving-kindness of the Lord.
- 2 'Till late I fancied all was well,
 Though walking in the road to hell ;
 But now, through grace divinely free,
 I, who was blind, am brought to see!
- 3 Long did I on the law rely,
 And pass the Friend of sinners by ;
 But, what a glorious mystery!
 Though I was blind, yet now I see!

II.—Profession and Baptism.

HYMN 28. C. M.

The young Convert's Meditation respecting a Profession of Religion.

- 1 AND canst thou then believe, my soul,
That Jesus is thy friend?
That he his love hath fix'd on thee?
That love which cannot end?
- 2 If thou in truth his pow'r hast known,
And felt his changing grace,
Thy duty 'tis his church to join,
And give him all the praise.
- 3 He says to each regen'rate soul,
"Confess thy Saviour God:"
His great command I will obey;
I love his holy word.
- 4 But will the saints, the sons of God,
Believe that I, so vile,
Have felt thy sovereign love, my Lord,
And seen thy gracious smile?
- 5 What shall I do, if they refuse,
And say, I know thee not?
Dear Saviour, wilt *thou* smile on me,
If this should be my lot?
- 6 My case I humbly leave with thee;
Duty alone is mine!
In duty's pleasant path I shall
Behold thy glory shine.

- 7 I'll praise thee through my pilgrimage,
With voice and heart and tongue ;
"Jesus, my strength and righteousness,"
Shall be my cheerful song.



HYMN 29. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee ?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! Just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon :
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! That dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No : when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave;
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

- 7 His institutions would I prize,
'Take up my cross—the shame despise ;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.



HYMN 30. C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God ?
- 3 Shall I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease ;
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord,
'To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They see a triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
With robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 31. L. M.

Immersion the appointed Mode.

- 1 WHEN we baptize, we see the mode
In honour'd Jordan's swelling flood ;
We're deaf to vain tradition's voice ;
'The way Christ chose becomes our choice.
- 2 Down in the stream they both descend,
And John immers'd the sinner's Friend ;
Out the water straightway came
'The church's Head, th' obedient Lamb.
- 3 The Baptist saw the heavenly dove
Descend from op'ning heavens above ;
And now the Father's voice is heard,
Approving the incarnate word :
- 4 " This, this is my beloved Son,
Well pleas'd am I with what he's done ;
In all things he my will obeys,
'Then hear and trust whate'er he says."
- 5 Now, ye believing souls, regard
Th' example of your glorious Lord ;
Walk in his honour'd paths, and prove
How much your souls his precepts love.



HYMN 32. P. M.

Love, the Essence of Obedience.

- 1 O, YE blood-wash'd, ransom'd sinners,
Highly favour'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
By regarding thus his word.
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ your Lord.]

- 2 See his wat'ry tomb before you ;
Hear him echo—"Follow me ;"
For beneath the streams of Jordan,
Christ your great Redeemer lay.
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ to day.
- 3 Yes, beneath those honour'd waters,
Great Immanuel was baptiz'd ;
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleas'd.
Let us follow, let us follow,
Let us follow Christ our Lord.
- 4 Love constrains you all to follow
Jesus to his liquid grave :
Now look up ; expect his presence,
Which he promis'd you to have—
While you follow, while you follow
Jesus to his liquid grave.
- 5 Jesus, come ; thine approbation
May we gladly see and feel ;
Cause, O cause the heavens to open,
And thy wondrous love reveal ;
And we'll follow, and we'll follow,
And we'll follow thee our all.



HYMN 33. C. M.

Profession of Faith necessary before Administration.

- 1 WHILE Philip scann'd the sacred page
The eunuch just had read,
A certain water rose to view,
And thus the Ethiop' said :
- 2 ' See here an emblematic flood,
' And what doth hinder me
' To be baptized, as Jesus taught,
' And bear his cross with thee ?'

- 3 The faithful preacher thus replied,
 "If thou believe, thou may'st ;"
 'I do,' he said—they quick descend,
 And to the water haste.
- 4 Intent on duty's call they go
 Down through the yielding stream ;
 And straight the eunuch was baptiz'd
 In Jesus' precious name.
- 5 So now the willing converts press
 To hear the joyful sound ;
 And those who hear and live, are all
 In sweet obedience found.



HYMN 34. L. M.

Prayer for the Candidates.

- 1 Now, thou exalted Prince of Peace,
 Behold the subjects of thy grace ;
 Drawn by the pleasing cords of love,
 In wisdom's ways they sweetly move.
- 2 When in the water they descend,
 There may they meet the sinner's Friend,
 Smiling from yonder blissful throne,
 Sending immortal blessings down,
- 3 O may they find beneath the wave,
 That Christ is in the liquid grave ;
 May they sink deep in love divine,
 And feel the death of self and sin.
- 4 When from the honour'd stream they rise,
 And view the pleasant op'ning skies,
 May the bright beams of light appear,
 Proving the Lord is truly here.

HYMN 35. C. M.

Baptism in the Name of Christ.

- 1 LORD, may the messengers of peace
Thy ev'ry truth proclaim ;
Sway'd by the force of sov'reign grace,
Baptize in thy great name.
- 2 If twice ten thousand foes withstand
Thy word is still the same :
Still we obey thy great command,—
Baptize in thy great name.
- 3 Fearless of all that men can say,
We trace th' obedient Lamb,
Pursue him in the wat'ry way,
Baptizing in his name.
- 4 Lord, while thy saints thus follow thee,
Thy glory is their aim ;
Constrain'd by love they long to be
Baptiz'd in thy great name.
- 5 Lord, bid our ev'ry fear begone,
Support each weaker frame ;
Bless'd with thy presence, we'll go on
Baptizing in thy name.



HYMN 36. L. M.

Obedience.

- 1 JESUS, we come at thy command,
Now on the water's brink we stand,
Ready to walk into the wave,
A lively emblem of the grave.
- 2 Let neither shame, nor fear, nor pride,
Divert our steady feet aside ;
'Tis by appointment ; in thy name
We venture down into the stream.

- 3 Lord of the universe! look down
 And make thy great salvation known ;
 Teach every sinner to obey
 And follow "Jesus in the way."



HYMN 37. C. M.

Baptism. Original, by J. E.

- 1 OUR dearest Lord, look from above
 On us assembled here ;
 O, grant thy presence and thy love,
 Our fainting minds to cheer.
- 2 Here we are come to be baptiz'd,
 His wise commands obey ;
 Who his own life has sacrific'd
 To take our sins away.
- 3 No merit in the mode we claim,
 We imitate our Head,
 Who, when baptiz'd in Jordan's stream,
 Out of the waves was led.



HYMN 38. L. M.

Trials after pleasant Obedience.

- 1 WHEN the eternal Son of God
 Had been baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,
 To the lone desert he repairs,
 And sore temptation firmly bears.
- 2 Should you that have been now baptiz'd
 Be thus with Satan's darts surpris'd ;
 Lift up to heaven your joyful eyes—
 Your hope, your help in Jesus lies.

- 3 Never presume to think or say
'The stream hath wash'd your sins away :
Never depend on what's your own,
Nor trust to works nor duties done.
- 4 Each rite, which truth and love ordain,
Points to the Lamb that once was slain ;
Our wand'ring thoughts to him they call,
'The centre and the soul of all.
- 5 Baptiz'd with Christ, be this your aim,
'To dignify the Christian name ;
With him aspire to things above,
And put on Christ in faith and love.



HYMN 39. S. M.

Confessing Christ in his Institution.

- 1 We dare no longer stand
As neuters to thy cause ;
But by the help of grace we'll yield
Obedience to thy laws.
- 2 Into the watery tomb
We cheerfully descend,
In token of our faith and love
'To our celestial Friend.
- 3 Lord, meet us here this day,
Who come to do thy will ;
Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,
'Thy promis'd grace fulfil.
- 4 Descend, O heavenly Dove,
And wing our souls away,
Up to the bright and heavenly joys
Of everlasting day.

III.—*Various Subjects.*

HYMN 40. L. M.

Social Meeting.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise :
- 2 “ There,” says the Saviour, “ will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.”
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav’nly love.



HYMN 41. L. M.

Separation.

- 1 COME ye, who love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed ;
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow happy road.

CHORUS.

*And I'll sing Hallelujah,
And glory be to the Lord on high ;
And I'll sing Hallelujah
While glory's flaming through the sky.*

- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon you'll walk the golden street ;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet louder still proclaim,
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.
And I'll sing, &c.



HYMN 42. 5 & 11's.

New Year.

- 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 'I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.'
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 'Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'



HYMN 43. 6 & 8's.

The Beggar's Prayer.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy-door :
 No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine;
 Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou would'st disdain ;
 But those which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
 That though I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more ;
 Thou know'st that, from my very birth,
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Though great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few :

If thou should leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more ;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy.

O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who like me
Their wants and hunger feel ;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou Only Wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend.

Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.



HYMN 44. L. M.

The Apple Tree.

1 THE tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit and always green ;
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ, the apple-tree.

- 2 This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ, the apple-tree.
- 3 For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly have I bought ;
I miss'd of all—but now I see
'Tis found in Christ, the apple-tree.
- 4 With great delight I'll make my stay,
Nothing shall fright my soul away ;
Among the sons of men I see
There's none like Christ, the apple-tree.
- 5 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like heav'nly wine ;
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ, the apple-tree.
- 6 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive ;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ, the apple-tree.



HYMN 45. L. M.

The Wanderer. Is Ephraim my dear Son ? Jer. xxxi. 20..

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face :
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep, repentant sigh,
He heard thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And cast away thy slavish fear ;
'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn"—
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.
- 6 Return, O wanderer, return,
Regain thy lost, lamented rest :
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn
To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.



HYMN 46. L. M.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

CHORUS.

*O pray on, brethren and sisters too,
The heav'nly land we have in view.*

- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Cho.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
'The weakest saint upon his knees.

Cho.

- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

Cho.

- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Cho.

- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Cho. O pray on, &c.



HYMN 47. L. M.

The Good Old Way.

- 1 LIFT up your heads, Emmanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends :
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the Good Old Way.

CHORUS.

*O blessed way! how good it is,
To dwell where loving Jesus lives ;
A life of love, a heaven below,
I have no doubt you'll find it so.*

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive and pray,
Like soldiers in the Good Old Way.

Cho.

3 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy ;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the Good Old Way.

Cho.

4 O Good Old Way, how good thou art !
May none of us from thee depart ;
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the Good Old Way.

Cho.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we will shout, and sing, and pray,
And march along the Good Old Way.

Cho.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember life is near its end ;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the Good Old Way.

Cho.

7 When far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with those who've gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By walking in the Good Old way.

Cho. O blessed way, &c.

HYMN 48. 5 & 6's.

The Lord will provide.

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
'The scripture assures us,
'The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests, be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost ;
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers,
We have a good Guide,
And trust in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

PAUSE.

- 5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has try'd,
'This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim ;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide—
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through :
No fearing or doubting
With CHRIST on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

HYMN 49. 8's.

What think ye of Christ ?

- 1 "WHAT think ye of Christ?" is the test,
To try both your state and your scheme ;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him ;
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not ;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with the plan ;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all they that can :
If doings prove rather too light,
A little they own they may fail—
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.
- 3 Some take him a creature to be—
A man, or an angel at most ;
Sure these have no feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost ;
So guilty—so helpless am I,
I could not confide in his word,
Unless I could make the reply,
That Christ is "My Lord and my God."
- 4 If ask'd what of Jesus I think ?
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store ;
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN 50. L. P. M.

The Minister's Farewell.

- 1 FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the jubilee ;
My stammering tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea ;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell, in bonds of union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart ;
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet no more to part ;
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.
- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
Although so kind and dear to me ;
My Jesus calls, and I must go
To sound the gospel jubilee ;
To sound the joy, and bear the news
To Gentile world, and royal Jews.
- 4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God to me my breath will give,
I'll pray to the eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live ;
That your dear souls prepar'd may be
To reign in bliss eternally.
- 5 Farewell to all below the sun ;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight my feet shall run,
And God will keep me as I go—
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

- 6 Farewell, farewell ! I look above :
 Jesus, my Friend, to thee I call ;
 My joy, my crown, my only love,
 My safeguard here, my heav'nly all ;
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,
 In death my hope, my glorious King.



HYMN 51. 6 & 8's.

Ministers' Conflict.

- 1 **WHAT** contradictions meet
 In Ministers' employ !
 It is a bitter sweet,
 A sorrow full of joy :
 No other post affords a place
 For equal honour or disgrace !
- 2 Who can describe the pain
 Which faithful preachers feel ;
 Constrain'd to speak in vain,
 To hearts as hard as steel !
 Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
 When stubborn hearts begin to melt ?
- 3 The Saviour's dying love,
 The soul's amazing worth,
 Their utmost efforts move,
 And draw their bowels forth :
 They pray and strive, their rest departs,
 Till Christ shall dwell in sinners' hearts.
- 4 If some small hope appear,
 They still are not content ;
 But, with a jealous fear,
 They watch for the event :
 Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
 Then how their inmost souls are griev'd ?

- 5 But when their pains succeed,
And, from the tender blade,
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are over-paid.
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.
- 6 On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
'The pow'r is thine alone,
'To make it spring and grow :
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.



HYMN 52. C. M.

Paul's Farewell Charge.

- 1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends
It was a weeping day ;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their fears away.
- 2 Ere long they met again with joy,
(Secure no more to part)
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet ;
'Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall
If any perish here :
The preachers, who have told you all,
Shall stand approved clear.

- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view ;
Oh ! hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.



HYMN 53. C. M. *Baldwin.*

The Year of the Redeemed.

- 1 COME, welcome this new year of grace,
Proclaim'd through Jesus' blood ;
The happy year of our release,
To seal our peace with God.
- 2 We early wander'd from our God,
In the dark maze of sin ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To bring us back again.
- 3 We once could spurn at offer'd grace,
And slight a Saviour's charms ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To call us to his arms.
- 4 We hear the gospel's joyful sound
Proclaim the jubilee ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To set the ransom'd free.
- 5 Ye aged saints, who have long sigh'd
To see this happy day,
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To wipe your tears away.
- 6 Ye lovely youth, who late have known
The sweets of pard'ning grace,
The year of the redeem'd demands
Your noblest acts of praise.
- 7 But, O ye careless, Christless souls,
Who scorn the happy few,

The year of the redeem'd will come,
And take them all from you.

- 8 Then will you mourn, and say at last,
“ We did instruction hate ;
The year of the redeem'd is past,
And now it is too late.”



HYMN 54. 7 & 6's.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above.
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love ?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er !
His faithful word has promis'd
A righteous crown to give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace, I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
'Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
- 5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend ;
And if you want more knowledge
He'll not refuse to lend :
Neither will he upbraid you,
'Though oft'ner you request ;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
- 6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the sleeping millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust, reviv'd,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 7 We shall outvie the angels
With the redeemed throng,
And shout aloud, " Salvation !"
'Twill be our endless song.
They sing creating goodness,
But *we* redeeming love ;
'Tis this shall be our glory
In realms of joy above.

HYMN 55. 8's.

Address to Youth.

- 1 Young people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name ;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend :
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
I've rang'd th' alluring scenes of life,
But never found substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And swept my load of guilt away ;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the good old way.
And now with trembling sense I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
While death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone ;
By sleety winds, or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose ;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Must soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones, who widely stroll,
The grave must soon become your bed ;
There darkness reigns and vapours move
In solemn silence round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing at those spires of grass
Which will be o'er your bodies grown.

- 5 But O the soul, where vengeance reigns!
 It sinks in groans and ceaseless cries ;
 It moves amidst the burning flames
 In boundless woes and agonies.
 There, swallow'd up in blackest night,
 Where devils dwell and thunders roar,
 To sink in keen despair and guilt,
 When thousand thousand years are o'er.
- 6 Oh, fellow youth! this is the state
 Of all who do free grace refuse ;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your Lord ;
 And with my mission now comply,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.



HYMN 56. C. M.

The Band of Love.

- 1 OUR souls in love together knit
 Cemented into one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice ;
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire ;
 He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
 And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS, L. M.

“ *A Saviour !* ” let creation sing !
 “ *A Saviour !* ” let all heaven ring !
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness on our souls he pours :
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're foll'wing those who're gone before ;
 We soon shall reach that blissful shore,
 Where we shall meet to part no more.

- 2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
 With Christ to live and die.
 Let devils rage and hell assail,
 We'll fight our passage through,
 Though foes unite and friends desert,
 We'll seize the prize in view. *Cho.*
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
 And all its moisture drain.
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
 But pour a mighty flood ;
 Oh ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God. *Cho.*
- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And set'st thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners sav'd by grace ;
 From glory unto glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face !
Cho. " *A Saviour,*" &c.



HYMN 57. 8 & 7's.

The good Shepherd.

- 1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come, and bid our jarring cease ;
 Come, O come and reign forever,
 God of love and Prince of peace !

Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep ;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Many follow men's inventions,
And submit to human laws ;
Hence division and contentions
Sully the Redeemer's cause—
Hence we suffer persecution :
While the foolish virgins sleep,
All is uproar and confusion ;
Come, good Shepherd, lead thy sheep.

3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
Some of Cephas, none agree ;
Jesus, may we hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee :
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Ev'ry hind'rance overleap,
Fearing not their force or numbers ;
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth :
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
That shall teach us all thy truth :
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;
Love's our bond, and Christ our centre—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

5 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution we'll not fear :
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near ;
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap :

He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

- 6 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, "Fear not, little flock,
"I myself am your foundation,
"Ye are built upon this rock :
"Shun the paths of vice and folly,
"Lest you sink into the deep ;
"Look to me, and be ye holy,
"I delight to feed my sheep."

- 7 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him we own his name ;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame !
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he, and he will keep ;
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.



HYMN 58. 5 & 6's.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
He will surely appear ;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform :
With Christ in the vessel
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide ;

Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken
Shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;

Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,
And shall I repine ?

- 7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long ;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!



HYMN 59. C. M.

Coronation of Christ.

ANGELS.

- 1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

MARTYRS.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

CONVERTED JEWS.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

BELIEVING GENTILES.

- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

SINNERS OF EVERY AGE.

- 5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall,
 Now joy with all the hosts above,
 And crown him Lord of all.

SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

OURSELVES.

- 7 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.



HYMN 60. P. M.

The Garden Hymn.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes :
 The spices yield a rich perfume ;
 The lilies grow and thrive ;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,
 From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
 Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become ;
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun ;
 My soul a witness is :

I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me—
Who come to Christ may live.

- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive!
None are too late who will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went :
Jesus did him relieve.

- 5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

PAUSE.

- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high :
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

- 7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
'To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

- 8 There shall we reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

- 9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
And claim my mansion there :
Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land
Where we shall part no more.
- 10 There on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love :
We'll shout and praise our conqu'ring King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Us, rebels, near to God.



HYMN 61. C. M.

Lord's Day Evening.

- 1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene,
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee :
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give
To be my guide and friend ;
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.



HYMN 62. P. M.

Heaven.

- 1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian :
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies ;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.
- 2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him ;
Myriads with supreme delight
Instantly adore him ;
Angelic trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the musick of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.
- 3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station :
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation ;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy! One.
- 4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us,

Join we too the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortals' tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.



HYMN 63. L. M.

Jesus has done all Things well.

- 1 Now in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 2 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free
 Has been his love to sinful me!
 He pluck'd me as a brand from hell;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
 And yet he undertook my cause,
 To save me, though I did rebel:
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 And since my soul has known his love,
 What mercies has he made me prove!
 Mercies which do all praise excel;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 Where'er my Saviour and my God
 Has on me laid his gentle rod,
 I know, in all that has befall,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

- 7 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.



HYMN 64. S. M.

God blessed for all Things.

- 1 BLESSED be God for all,
For all things here below ;
For pain, and grief, and joy, and thrall,
To my advantage grow.
- 2 Blessed be God for shame,
For slander and disgrace ;
Welcome reproach for Jesus' name,
Like flint, Lord, set my face.
- 3 Blessed be God for loss,
For loss of earthly things ;
For ev'ry scourge and ev'ry cross
Me nearer Jesus brings.
- 4 Blessed be God for want,
For want of health and food ;
I live by faith, and scorn to faint,
For all things work for good.
- 5 Blessed be God for pain,
Which tears my flesh like thorns ;
It crucifies my carnal mind,
To God my soul returns.
- 6 Blessed be God for fears
Of sin and death and hell ;
When Christ who is my life appears,
In glory I shall dwell.

- 7 Blessed be God for friends,
 Blessed be God for foes ;
 Blessed be God, whose gracious ends,
 No finite creature knows.
- 8 Blessed be God for life,
 Blessed be God for death,
 Blessed be God for joy and grief ;
 I welcome all through faith.



HYMN 65. 8 & 7's.

The grateful Recollection.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise ;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :
 Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wandering from the fold of God :
 He to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be :
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it :
 Seal it from thy courts above.

HYMN 66. 5 & 11's.

Crucifixion to the World.

- 1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store!
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
- 2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live ;
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
- 4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away ;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 5 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow, [go.
What light, strength, and comfort : go after him,
- 6 And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry ;
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.
- 7 And now I'm in care
My neighbours may share dare ?
These blessings : to seek them will none of you
- 8 In bondage, O why!
And death, will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh ?



HYMN 67. 11's.

Exceeding great and precious Promises.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say, than to you he hath said ?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
" As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
" I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
" I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
" Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 " When through the deep waters, I call thee to go,
" The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow ;
" For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
" And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 " When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
" My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
" The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
" Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 " Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
" My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
" And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
" Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 " The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
" *I will not, I will not*, desert to his foes ;
" That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
" *I'll never, no never, no never forsake.*"



HYMN 68. 7's.

Home.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One who loves us to end ;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*
- 2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares ;

Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within :
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—*Come home.*



HYMN 69. L. M.

To-day.

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
This is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go,
Say, will you have this Christ or no.
- 2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this blessed Jesus rest ?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ forever reign ?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
For now he's waiting for the poor ;
Say now, poor soul, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 4 Say now, young men for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us and seek to prove,
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

- 5 Your sports, with all your glittering toys,
Compar'd with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear ;
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.
- 6 Young ladies, now we look to you,
Are you resolv'd to perish too ?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down ?
- 7 Once more we ask you in his name—
We know his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?



HYMN 70. 8's.

Creation unsatisfying without Christ.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ; flow'rs,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
Have lost all their sweetness with me.
- 2 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than musick his voice :
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
- 4 I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

- 5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
- 6 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 7 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
- 8 O drive these dark clouds from my sky !
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.



HYMN 71. C. M.

The Jubilee.

- 1 WHAT heav'nly musick do I hear,
Salvation sounding free !
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear,
'This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round, from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole—
'This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race !
Let Christians all agree
'To sing redeeming love and grace ;
'This is the Jubilee.

- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace :
This is the Jubilee.
- 5 Jesus is on his mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 6 Sinners, be wise, return and come
Unto the Saviour free ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan, sing,
This is the Jubilee.



HYMN 72. L. M.

Joseph, my Son, is yet alive.

- 1 YE mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy groundless fears,
And let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 2 His saints he loves, and never leaves ;
The chief of sinners he receives ;
Let then your hearts with this revive,
The sinner's Friend is yet alive.
- 3 He'll guard your souls from ev'ry ill,
His largest promises fulfil ;
Then let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

- 4 What though you fear to launch away,
And quit this tenement of clay ;
O let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 5 Abundant grace he will afford,
'Till you are present with the Lord ;
And prove what you have heard before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.



HYMN 73. 7 & 6's.

The good Physician.

- 1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul :
At death's dark door he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous pow'r to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd with sin :
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within ;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combin'd ;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost ;

Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case :
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
Then bade me look unto him ;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death :
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give :
He makes no hard condition—
'Tis only—look and live.



HYMN 74. C. M.

The true Penitent.

1 HARK! hear the sound on earth is found ;
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love that's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land ;
The voice is, Hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They're mounted on the truth ;
The saints in prayer cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

- 4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name ;
Whilst older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.
- 5 God, grant a shower of his great power
On ev'ry aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry
That they may have a part.
- 6 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord,
And use your tongues while you are young,
In praising Christ our Lord.



HYMN 75. L. M.

By KRISHNU, the first Hindoo who broke the chain of the cast, was baptized in Bengal, and became a Preacher of the Gospel. Translated from the Bengalee, by Rev. Mr. Ward.

- 1 OH thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore ;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Brumhu* for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;
And canst thou e'er such love forget ?
- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief ;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and he himself is thine ;

* The Hindoo name of the One God.

And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

5 Ah! no—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

6 Ah! no—when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And to eternity shall live.



HYMN 76. S. M.

Compassion.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep!
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.



HYMN 77. 8's. *Baldwin.*

Union Hymn.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
That fastens our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove.

- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground ;
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends who so dear are to me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loath now to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again ?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 Though call'd to resign up this breath,
And quit these frail bodies of clay ;
When freed from corruption and death,
We'll unite in the regions of day.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see ;
We'll sing Alleluia, Amen !
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 78. C. M. *Pierce.**The heavenly Gift.*

- 1 SWEET are the gifts which gracious Heav'n
On true believers pours ;
But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is *ours*.
- 2 Our Jesus ! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious show'rs,
When ruin'd sinners, such as we,
By faith can call him *ours*.

- 3 Differ we may in age and state,
 Learning and mental pow'rs,
 But *all* the saints may join and shout,
 Dear Jesus! thou art *ours*.
- 4 Let those who know our Jesus not,
 Delight in earth's gay flow'rs ;
 We, glorying in our better lot,
 Rejoice that HE is *ours*.
- 5 When hope, with elevated flight,
 Tow'rds heav'n in rapture tow'rs,
 'Tis this supports our vent'rous wing,
 We know that Christ is *ours*.
- 6 Though Providence, with dark'ning sky,
 On things terrestrial low'rs,
 We rise superior to the gloom
 When singing, Christ is *ours*.
- 7 Time, which this world, with all its joys,
 With eager haste devours,
 May take inferior things away—
 But Jesus still is *ours*.
- 8 Haste, then, dull time, and terminate
 Thy slow revolving hours ;
 We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
 In heav'n to call him *OURS* !



HYMN 79. C. M.

Election.

- 1 ELECTION! 'tis a joyful sound
 To wretched, guilty man ;
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, form'd
 The everlasting plan.

- 2 O may this Bible-truth inspire
My heart with purest bliss ;
And land my soul in mansions where
My chosen Jesus is.
- 3 Let me, my Saviour and my God,
On sovereign grace rely ;
And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
On one so vile as I.
- 4 Election ! 'tis a word divine ;
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen thee.
- 5 For perseverance, strength I've none ;
But would on this depend,
'Thou, Jesus, having lov'd thine own,
Will love them to the end.
- 6 Empty and bare, I come to thee
For righteousness divine :
O may thy glorious merits be,
By imputation, mine.



HYMN 80. S. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!



HYMN 81. C. M.

Affectionate Warning to Sinners.

- 1 WHEN pity prompts me to look round
Upon my fellow clay ;
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God! what shall I say ?
- 2 O sinners, sinners, will you hear
When in God's name I come ?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.
- 3 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners! come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 4 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

- 5 Then where, poor sinners, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?
- 6 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all searching eye.
- 7 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 8 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.



HYMN 82. 7's.

Exhortation to the People of God.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save our flesh assumes—
Brother to our soul becomes.

- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
 There your seat is now prepar'd—
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Christ, your Father's darling Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord ! submissive let us go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.



HYMN 83. 9 & 8's.

The Pilgrim's Farewell.

- 1 LET us rise and go to Zion's hill,
 Where all the peace and glory dwell,
 And sit and sing to God our King,
 And praise his name forevermore.

CHORUS.

*I'll march to Canaan's land,
 I'll land on Canaan's shore,
 Where pleasures never end,
 And troubles come no more ;
 I'll go and see what joys are there.*

- 2 Fare you well, my friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home nor stay with you ;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world can view.
*I'll march, &c.
 Farewell, my loving friends, farewell.*

- 3 Happy soul, just gone from earth to heaven,
He flies to distant worlds above,
No more in this poor house of clay,
He dwells with God around the throne.

I'll march, &c.

Where pain and death can never come.

- 4 We will go, like him, to see our God,
And change this earth for heaven above ;
Come dry your tears, Christ is your friend,
He came to save poor sinful men.

I'll march, &c.

In him our sorrows soon will end.

- 5 Travel on to blest eternity,
Where Jesus waits for us to come,
In death's dark gloom shout victory,
And rise to your eternal home.

I'll march, &c.

Where fear and change shall be no more.

- 6 Golden joys above, where Jesus dwells,
His love is full for every saint,
Fountain of life immortal flows,
'Through heavenly worlds without restraint.

I'll march, &c.

All's mine, if faithful here below.



HYMN 84. 11's.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
'That we must be parted from this social band ;
Our sev'ral engagements do call us away,
Separation is needful and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, loving Christians, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again if kind Heaven should smile ;
And while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd,
The war is just ended, the treasure's enlarg'd ;
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near ;
And though you must walk through this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.
- 5 The world, flesh and Satan, and hell all unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright—
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than they ;
Let this thought inspire you to march on the way.
- 6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O haste to know Jesus, and seek the good part ;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.
- 7 Farewell, careless sinner, for you I do mourn,
To think on your danger and your unconcern ;
I've heard of a Judgment where all must appear ;
O there you'll stand trembling with tormenting fear.
- 8 Your frolics and pastime, in which you delight,
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful fright ;
You'll think on the sermons which you've heard in vain,
When hope's gone forever of hearing again.
- 9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell, all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound ;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.



HYMN 85. S. M.

Prière.

- 1 INNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God,
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load.
- 2 But though the host of hell
Be neither weak nor small,

- One mighty foe deals dang'rous wo,
And hurts beyond them all.
- 3 'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That sin by God abhorr'd :
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 4 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd :
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse ;
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.
- 5 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r ;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech ;
Be silent—still 'tis there.
- 6 This moment while I sing
I feel its power within ;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.



HYMN 86. P. M.

Rock of Salvation.

- 1 If life's pleasures cheer thee,
Give them not thy heart,
Lest the gifts ensnare thee
From thy God to part.
His praises speak,
His favour seek,
Fix there thy hope's foundation ;
Love him, and he
Will ever be
The rock of thy salvation.

- 2 If distress befall thee,
 Painful though it be,
 Let not fear appal thee,
 To thy Saviour flee.
 He, ever near,
 Thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation ;
 The waves of wo
 Can ne'er o'erflow
 The rock of thy salvation.
- 3 Death shall never harm thee,
 Shrink not from his blow ;
 For thy God shall arm thee,
 And victory bestow.
 Then death shall bring
 For thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation ;
 "'Tis gain to die,"
 With Jesus nigh,
 The rock of thy salvation.



HYMN 87. 12 & 11's.

The Family Bible.

- 1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
 Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
 When blest with parental advice and affection,
 Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high.
 I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
 The seats of their offspring as rang'd on each hand,
 And that richest book which excels ev'ry other—
 That family Bible which lay on the stand.
*The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.*
- 2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
 The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
 For mercy by day, and for safety through night.

Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Describ'd in the Bible, that lay on the stand.

The old fashioned Bible, &c.

- 3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more ;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ;
Oh ! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

The old fashioned Bible, &c.



HYMN 88. 8 & 11's.

The Glory of Christ.

- 1 O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love ?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, Have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone ?

PAUSE.

- 5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around ;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

- 6 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.
- 7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the gardens of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 8 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high ;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.
- 9 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.



HYMN 89. L. M.

Harvest Hymn.

- 1 THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sower's come to sow ;
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares ;
*And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 2 To love my sins, a saint appear,
To grow in wheat and be a tare,
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow :
*But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 3 Most awful truth, and is it so!
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is every man a wheat or tare ?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare ?
For soon, &c.

- 4 Then all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see :
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell, O! doleful sound!

And soon, &c.



HYMN 90. S. M.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
And of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For all whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come ;
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.
- 6 'Then shall your raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 91. S. M.

The Security of Christ's Sheep.

- 1 My soul, with joy attend
While Jesus silence breaks ;
No angel's harp such musick yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 " I know my sheep," he cries,
" My soul approves them well :
" Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
" And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 " I freely feed them now
" With tokens of my love ;
" But richer pastures I prepare,
" And sweeter streams above.
- 4 " Unnumber'd years of bliss
" I to my sheep will give ;
" And, while my throne unshaken stands,
" Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 " This try'd almighty hand
" Is rais'd for their defence :
" Where is the power shall reach them there ?
" Or what shall force them thence ?
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry ;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.



HYMN 92. 8, 8, 6's.

The Coming of Christ.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand ?

- Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought ?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call !
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day ;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear ;
Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face :
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.



HYMN 93. C. M.

Invocation to the Holy Spirit.

- 1 O FOR a breeze of heav'nly love,
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy winds do blow.

- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
 From quicksands of despair,
 O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
 Through ev'ry latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
 On that celestial shore,
 Where dashing billows never move,
 Where tempests never roar.



HYMN 94. L. M.

New Converts giving themselves to the Church.

- 1 RENEW'D by grace, we love the word,
 And yield our souls to Christ the Lord ;
 Then to the church ourselves we give
 In holy fellowship to live.
- 2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,
 And sweetly on thy breast recline,
 Thy name revere, thy word obey,
 And never cease to watch and pray.
- 3 May we continue in thy ways,
 Delight to pray, delight to praise ;
 Among thy saints abide in love,
 'Till call'd to shine in realms above.



HYMN 95. P. M.

Renouncing the World.

- 1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
 The things I lov'd before ;
 Let me but view my Saviour's face,
 And feel his animating grace,
 And I desire no more.

- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Tell me no more of ease and health,
For these have all their snares ;
Let me but know my sins' forgiven,
But see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things ;
The little room for me design'd
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.
- 4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste ;
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.
- 5 Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord ;
I'd sit alone from day to day,
Nor urge my company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.



HYMN 96. 7's.

Parting Friends.

Composed and sung by three Indians on parting.

- 1 When shall we three meet again ?
When shall we three meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again.

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parch'd beneath the hostile sky ;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls ;
 And in fancy's wide domain
 Oft shall we three meet again.
- 3 When our burnish'd locks are grey,
 Thin'd by many a toil-spent day ;
 When around this youthful pine,
 Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
 Long may this lov'd bower remain :
 Here may we three meet again.
- 4 When the dream of life is fled ;
 When its wasted lamps are dead !
 When in cold oblivion's shade
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.



HYMN 97. 7's.

Christ all in all, in Trouble.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past :
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;

Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is staid,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.



HYMN 98. C. M.

A Prayer for the Divine Presence.

- 1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel ;
 Oh soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead the Saviour's name :
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 That sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.



HYMN 99. C. M.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word!

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n, that finds
His bosom glow with love.



HYMN 100. L. M.

Deliverance and Redemption.

- 1 "WHAT hath God wrought?" might Isra'l say,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands,
Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 *What hath God wrought? O blissful theme!*
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desert through,
And safe arrive at glory too?
- 3 The news shall every harp employ,
Fill ev'ry tongue with rapt'rous joy;
When shall we join the heavenly throng,
To swell the triumph and the song!



HYMN 101. C. M.

Arise and shine.

- 1 ARISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come,
Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home;

- The trumpet's thund'ring through the sky
To set poor sinners free ;
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
Throughout the earth and sky ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh ;
Put out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood,
Whilst ev'ry star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.
- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear ;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear ;
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;
While Gabriel, with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er ;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more :
The watchmen all have left their walls ;
And, with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.
- 5 Come, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one ;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run :
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And, smiling, bid you come :
Whilst angels beckon you away
To your eternal home.

- 6 Behold a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view ;
To heav'n he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu :
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loath to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.
- 7 O Christians! are you ready now
To cross the narrow flood ?
To look on Canaan's happy shore,
And see a smiling God ?
The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above :
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.



HYMN 102. C. M.

Wedding Hymn.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast ;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love these souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burthens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er ;
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 103. L. M.

Marriage Hymn.

- 1 WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We bow before th' Eternal throne,
And offer up our humble praise,
To him whose name is God alone.
- 2 On this auspicious eve, draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down ;
Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.
- 3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r ;
'The nuptial vow in heav'n record,
And bless the newly married pair.
- 4 Oh, guide them safe, this desert through,
Mid all the cares of life and love ;
At length with joy thy face to view,
In fairer, better worlds above.



HYMN 104. C. M.

Parting Hymn.

- 1 LORD! when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 But, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above :

- 5 Where, void of all' distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in seraphic, heav'nly strains,
Redeeming love admire.
- 4 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then forever fly,
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.
- 6 And thus, to all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly shore,
'The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah we'll adore.



HYMN 105. 8 & 7's.

Dismission.

- 1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above ;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love.
*Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.*
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren, &c.
- 3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell, brethren, &c.

IV. Missionary Hymns.

HYMN 106. 8, 7, & 4's. *Balaſwin.*

The parting Scene.

Lines written on the ſailing of Meſſrs. Wheelock and Colman for India, from
Boston, Nov. 16, 1817.

- 1 See that ſhip, her ſails now bending,
Deſtin'd far to Indian ſeas ;
See her canvass, wide extending,
Catch the ling'ring wiſh'd-for breeze ;
Richly freighted
With Ambaſſadors of peace.
- 2 While the crowd were ſilent ſtanding,
Solemn prayer devoutly flow'd ;
Clouds of incenſe like, aſcending
Up before the throne of God,
For our brethren,
While they're ſailing o'er the flood.
- 3 Go, ye heralds of ſalvation,
Go proclaim "redeeming blood ;"
Publish to that barb'rous nation,
Peace and pardon from our God :
Tell the Heathens
None but CHRIST can do them good.
- 4 While the goſpel trump you're ſounding,
May the SPIRIT ſeal the word ;
And through ſov'reign grace abounding,
BURMANS bow and own the Lord ;
Gaudma* leaving,
God alone ſhall be ador'd.
- 5 Distant though our ſouls are bending,
Still our hearts are warm and true ;

* The name of the Burman idol.

In our prayers to heav'n ascending,
Brethren, we'll remember you :

Heav'n preserve you
Safely all your journey through.

- 6 When your mission here is finish'd,
And your work on earth is done ;
May your souls, by grace replenish'd,
Find acceptance through the SON,
Thence admitted,
Dwell forever near his throne.

- 7 Loud hosannas now resounding,
Make the heav'nly arches ring ;
Grace to sinful men abounding,
Ransom'd millions sweetly sing,
While with rapture,
All adore their heav'nly King.



HYMN 107. 6 & 4's.

A Prayer for the Heathen.

Composed by Mr. Hough while on his passage to India.

- 1 O WHEN shall Zion rise,
And all her foes retire,
All nations lift their eyes,
And after truth aspire !

*Let India's realm
Thy gospel hear,
Thy truth revere,
And bless thy name.*

- 2 When will the idol gods
At Jesus' presence move,
And cruelty's abodes
O'erflow with pard'ning love ?

Let India's realm, &c.

- 3 When shall the angel fly,
His holy course foretold,
In view of every eye
The gospel wide unfold ?

Let India's realm, &c.

- 4 Lord, let it not be long,
Ere comes the happy day,
When every voice and tongue
Shall chant some hallow'd lay.

Let India's realm, &c.



HYMN 108. 7's.

Sabbatic Year. Lev. xxv. 8—13.

- 1 God of sabbaths, Israel's Lord,
Thee we'll praise with one accord ;
Hear our humble, earnest pray'r,
"Haste the great sabbatic year."
- 2 Now thy glory to us show,
Give a taste of heav'n below ;
Lord to thee we bow in pray'r,
"Haste the great sabbatic year."
- 3 Now the captive sinners' free,
Now declare thy jubilee ;
Now accomplish this our pray'r,
"Haste the great sabbatic year."
- 4 Now the senseless sinner wound,
Let the strong man, arm'd, be bound ;
Spread thy gospel, hear our pray'r,
"Haste the great sabbatic year."
- 5 [Now thy word with pow'r endue,
Let it wound, and quicken too ;
Make them fly to thee in pray'r,
"Haste the great sabbatic year."

- 6 Now let thoughtless souls awake,
All their follies now forsake ;
Answer, Lord, our daily pray'r,
“ Haste the great sabbatic year.”]
- 7 Bring the joyful sabbath on,
Let the gospel tidings run ;
Then in ceaseless praise we'll sing,
Hallelujah to our King.



HYMN 109. L. M.

Longing for a Latter-Day-Glory.

- 1 How many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven!
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandering church, to roam no more ?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast ;
And *ever since*, his fallen race,
From age to age are void of grace.
- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb ?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee ?
- 4 Hasten it, Lord ; in every land
Send thou thine angels, and command—
“ Go sound deliverance ; loudly blow
“ Salvation to the saints below ! ”
- 5 'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request ;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.



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of 1920
in 1920

